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The Pit



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Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

Going to Hell immediately upon my death wasn't a great surprise. I had committed enough misdoing in my life for my fate to be crystal clear.

What really shocked me was that it was apparently a never-ending ball pit.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



I mean, it smelled a little. And I felt pretty goddamn ridiculous, waddling through a maze of pastel balls with my bursting muscles and dragon tattoos. But was this really it?

It couldn't be. Even if there was a giant sign in front of me that said "WELCOME TO HELL" written in what appeared to be Crayola.

My journey began somewhere around a stretch of balls that were only yellow, accompanied by a Fisher Price slide. I resisted the urge to ride it, and walked forward, occasionally sweating through a particularly compact set of balls. I didn't encounter anyone or anything besides balls and abandoned playground equipment along the way. I was starting to wonder if I would die here

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka

But I pushed on.

There had to be someone - or something - out there.

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Chapter 4 by Qu33n



After wandering around for around an hour, I decided to sit down and play around with the toys. After all, there was nowhere else for me to go, and nothing else for me to do. If I had to be stuck in an endless kids playground, I should just enjoy it.

Maybe, just maybe, this is a section you experience before going to the devil meant to confuse you.

I sat down, picked up a few plastic balls, and began to practice my aiming at a wall.

"That's a first," a deep voice chuckled from behind me. Immediately, I jumped to my feet and turned around. In front of me stood a man whose skin was charcoal black, his eyes were a thick blood red. Upon his head were two horns, they weren't long, they were two short stubs. His legs resembled a horse's hind legs, complete with hooves. He was tall, chiselled, and creepy.

If I didn't know better i would've thought he was one of those kids with the cosplay shit.

"I put you in a playground, and you decide to sit down and play with the balls, quite unexpected from a buff one like yourself." He said amusingly.

"You must be the devil, right?"

"I am indeed. Satan, Lucifer, ruler of hell, whatever you wanna call me!" He bowed dramatically.

Chapter 5 by Caro Nogal



I stood there. Still holding the plastic ball, looking a little bit disappointed.

"Well what were you expecting?" "Flames? terror? a Dante version of hell?" Said the devil while sitting on a old rusty swing.

"No, no I didn't know what to expect, and this is weird and you look very strange."

"You mean terrifying?" He said with a grim.

"Uhh... no not really." I was being rude with the devil. Can you picture that? I instantly regret it

but it was all so very damn confusing. I was in a fucking ball pit standing with this Narnia looking cosplay version of the devil. He was looking at me with his feet up on the air.

"What do you mean?" I was being stupid. He was looking at me with his feet up on the air. He's eyes were getting red and his hands were closed. "You know what? Fuck this, I'll put on something more

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comfy, because apparently I can't impress the little badass-tattooed-white-boy."

I couldn't speak, my mouth was dry and it was getting hot. Suddenly the devil was consumed by flames and appeared again wearing gold colored sweatpants and sneakers.

"Well I hope you are happy now." "I surely rock this outfit, don't you think?"

"Yes entirely, it's not scary but you sure as "hell" look like Jay Z or something." I was trying to be nice with the devil, like he was my mom or my sister when we went shopping and I had to agree to everything.

The devil laughed again this time everything around me started shaking. I had to hold the side of the swing set the devil had been sitting a while ago.

"Now, let us talk business." He said in a serious tone. "Why do I have the honor of having you under my domain?"

And for the first time in my life I was dead scared of a creature wearing golden sweatpants.

Chapter 6 by Bazoogle



Everything bad I had done previously was flashing through my head.

_age 6

I stole a cap eraser from my classmate. A kid named Jack said he saw George take it. George got in trouble._

_age 10

I cursed out my math teacher for failing me._

_age 13

A kid spilled milk all over my new backpack. Jack held him down so I could punch him._

_age 16

I fought with my parents because they tried to control my life.

I ran from my family._

_age 17

I got my first tattoo from one of my roommates in the old apartment building we lived in. I didn't give him the shoes I promised I would pay him with.

_age 20

I got caught doing drugs and ran from the cops because they sent me to prison.

_age 22

I stabbed someone for trying to scam me out of my money. He died that night.

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_age 24

I went into gambling debt. I went into hiding to try and get away._

_age 25

I killed 2 guys trying to get into my place. I think they were trying to get the money from me, I don't remember._

_age 27

I got a call saying my parents had passed and they wanted me at the funeral. I decided not to go._

I heard a big crash, and that was the last I could remember. The phone call was the last thing that had happened.

I glared at the sweat pants once more. I still wasn't used to seeing those things. I began to think about what I could say to get mercy, after I had killed those people. "They deserved to die, it's not my fault!" He roared with laughter. "You think I care about the people you killed!? That's nothing. I want to see what else you might say, I'm enjoying this."

I began to wonder if it had to do with the drugs, or maybe the debt I didn't pay. Was it because I ran from my parents? Was it because I chose not to go to my parents funeral? I had to choose what I saw carefully, or I could risk sounding like a bigger idiot. I thought back to Jack, and how I had left him there to get caught. How I never went back for him. Perhaps that was it, but how would I ever admit to something like that!?

Chapter 7 by Antuan Robinson

Back and forth, I sway gently on the rusty swing set, as the cold air numbs my cheeks as I sway along the dying orchard skies and cream whipped clouds... "Rawr!" like a pendulum, the devil swings alongside me, tossing brightly colored toy balls towards me, digging from the fluffy black devil costume. "I didn't mean to do it," shaken tears run down my eyes as I avoid gazing into the crimson blood stricken eyes of the devil. "D'oh, don't pretend you didn't at least kind of enjoy it... All you have to do is say please, and I'll help you"

I speak to him, in a firm, angry voice, I gaze at him eye to eye "I don't want anything more to do with you."

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As the church brushes against the pastel moon, the tall, thin, dark, tall emerald grass glistens like diamonds and the devil hops off the swing, a star shower of pastel balls from his pouch falls from the droppy clouds and broken

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phone wires above, raining down on me. "Just a little longer." In pain, I mutter to myself. The cloaked boy's feet of old broken wool scrape against the dead grass as his pitch black hands dig into his pouch. He catches a plastic pink ball, and recites the familiar words I so long repressed "Welcome to hell, buster." Crying echos cast by the churchbell resonate among the clock tower, crows burst, rampaging like wild canopies and stir chaos among the hell broke sound.

All children line up in the halls, as a little girl wearing florescent colored glasses, and oversized flannel suit stands among all others "confess your sins" is written in crayola on a cardboard sign hanging above the church door. I look out on the swing set, and watch as the child in the black pajamas stares at me, watching. I gaze at the door, with "Welcome to hell" written on a cardboard sign post above... I clench my eyes in fear...

I stand up, open my hand, and watch as a cap eraser rolls to the floor, as everyone watches the eraser roll endlessly, as my innocence dies like the orchard colored sky, tears roll down my cheek. I'm sorry.

Pitch darkness, all the children in anger tear my hair, and push me with salvaged anger, swearing relentlessly, stomping my ribs, choking me, I gasp for air but can't breathe, tears roll down my eyes, but the endless abyss of plastic suffocates me... Why me, I asked? Why me? The air I breathed was that of a plastic bag, the little breathe I would give was the little pockets of air between each ball.

Reality slips away, and I fall into an antithesis of dreamlike ambivalence. Time slows down.

20 years later...

A murky trail of red and blue cascade over the brick walls, as it rains, the asphalt glosses among the neon signs, traffic signals, light posts, and bright milky pertrusions leak down among the rain-soaked black. "Damn it!" I cry, as my tears disappear in the rain, as the world ceases to care about who I am or who I used to be or who I want to be. firmly hold my bleeding arm trying to stop the bleeding, shaking in the cold. "Time's running out..." a man calls to me in a familiar voice,

as he stands, holding a pastel colored ball. I gaze closer at the pitch black tall man, and relinquish myself on my knees, "Please, please, please!" The man glares and a smile, like clay, pushes the words out of his mouth. "Please, please, please!"

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A stampede of cold iron boots, sword shields and many result, ricks march among the puddles of rain and asphalt. Time slows down, and I gaze up into the sky. I see the beautiful

crevices of moss sloping against the brick wall, and the blind drunken horny couple pressing against each other like savage animals making out, and the loud screaming of a man in traffic ready to pull out his gun, and a mother in a restaurant through the glass door gazing into the eyes of her newborn, and the rain cascades among the skies, skies of dark, and the ambiguous, then I realized, there is eons of curiosity and undiscovery in the world, and yet, i'm here, only for less than of a millisecond of that time.

Glass shatters, and a hurricane of bullets ravage the city streets tearing through metal, windows, flesh and bone. I duck and cover, within seconds, the street is silent and empty, a baby's cry shatters through the echo of the streets. I drop my ak-47, and walk.

I walk as my boots scavenge through the fallen corpses. I walk into the restaurant, and find a baby, crying in the arms of it's dead mother, that whom herself to protect her. I feel a stabbing pain in my chest, and nearly break down crying... That then I knew, I extend the longevity of my life, by ruining the lives of others. The man in black watches through the dark alley, entertained and amused.

My life, up to that point, had no real purpose, I picked up the newborn, rocking it, comforting it... "Shhh... It's okay... I'm here..." The baby claws on my ribcage, and quiets down, as we stand in the restaurant, on the radio plays the song "My Way" by Frank Sinatra, as the restaurant ceiling lights swing like a pendulum, as everyone around me remains dead... The baby's crying soothes down... Poor thing doesn't understand a damn thing in this twisted, painful world... That makes both of us... It's funny, as a child, naive, you find yourself unable to understand the world as everything is new and unfamiliar, yet, as an adult, you begin to realize the world is indifferent and nothing makes sense.

I look into her eyes... and I give her a name... Elizabeth...

I among the burnt church, as dead grass lay inanimate among the endless field, nothing moves.

I explore the church.

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I open the door, "welcome to hell" and break down crying as I gaze at the lifeless skeletons of children, severed heads everywhere, the ball pit is soaked with blood...

"I didn't mean to do it..." I claw Elizabeth, just to prove to myself I'm a good person...

"You liked it, buddy!"

The man in black juggles colorful pastel balls, and tosses them in the air as they rain down.

"Don't pretend you didn't enjoy it. And besides. Even if you didn't."

"You're going to keep coming back for more."

Chapter 8 by intellikat



I turn to Satan, and with all the calm I can muster, simply say, "I've enjoyed playing with your balls, but I think I'd like to go home now."

"You are home," he says.

"No, really. Somewhere around Chapter five or six we lost the possibility of this becoming anything. And I'd like to go home now."

"You don't understand. That's what hell is."

"Whatever you are calling this place, it's about to end. Everything ends. Even hell. Eight chapters and we're done. Good, bad, mediocre... doesn't matter. It's over and we have another go."

"Ah. So you believe in reincarnation."

"I do. This story will end and another will sprout up elsewhere."

"What if I were to tell you that I could extend this story ad infinitum."

The figure suddenly took upon flame and smoke, and in a furious tempest that then subsided, appeared before me as Joakim.

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I choked on the words "What if I were to tell you that I could extend this story ad infinitum."

"--Devil? Yes, precisely. And I do indeed have the power to make this story last forever, you see. Just one simple line of code and your descent into this pit will be eternal. Whether the story stalls out or simply rattles on forever, it will be most gruesomely painful for all involved, including yourself."

"Please. End this for me. Please. End the story here."

"I can. And I will. But you need to do something for me in return."

"Anything."

"I need you to discover the true identity of intellikat. He... she... it has been causing such mischief in my domain and I need them exposed. I need them de-clawed, as it were."

"How will I do that?"

"I'll give you enough jewels to start a new series of stories. In them, you will progressively reveal the identity of intellikat to the public through bits and pieces I have culled over time."

"Why don't you do it yourself?"

"I have my balls to watch."

"And if I refuse?"

"Stuck here. In the pit. Forever."

I thought about it for a moment.

"Deal."

the end

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